

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. 1.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1812.

[NO. 31.]

THE STORY OF ESAMDI AND ESOMDI, TWO INDIAN MERCHANTS.

Concluded.)

ESOMDI was seated on his elephant when the camel-driver approached; but he remembered not his countenance. Esamdi ventured to make himself known; but the rich merchant scarcely deigned to listen to him; he therefore pressed him no further; but, turning aside with a heavy heart, drove his camel into another part of the desert: and happy it was for him that he did so; for in the night a party of Arabs surrounded the caravan of Esomdi, and stripped it of all the valuable merchandize they could find. At the next city, Esamdi was informed of the accident, and blessed the goodness of Alla, who had made the unkindness of his friend the means of his preservation. The three pieces of silk were exposed to sale in the Bazar, and owing to the failure of the arrival of the caravan of Esomdi, fetched a good price. The young merchant received a quantity of gold-dust in exchange, with which he bought other merchandize, and loaded his camel home.

The merchant Esomdi had also returned to Balsora; but his loss was soon retrieved, for immense were the treasures of Esomdi; and he treated his misfortune as the mere effect of chance. Love now occupied his thoughts: he became enamoured with Lestina, the daughter of the Cadi of Bagdad: she was tall and fair; but the merchant looked only to the valuable present he was to receive at the day of her marriage.

Esamdi married too, in the same month, Boxu, the daughter of Surac, an honest fisherman who had saved some money by industry; and the wife of Esamdi was humble, frugal, and of a mild and sweet temper.

The house of Esomdi was now the mansion of pleasure. Feast succeeded feast; and nothing but music and singing was heard, till at length, the beautiful Lestina was brought-to-bed of a lovely female infant, which was named Tura, or the Star of the morning.

The wife of Esamdi was also blessed with a male child, whom they called Jeruff or the Happy.

Esamdi, moderate in his desires, and careful in his expenses, grew richer every day; and for every day's prosperity he returned thanks to the goodness of Alla. His wife, Boxu, joined in the morning and evening prayer; and their young infant already lisped the language of devotion.

It was not so with Esomdi: he grew wealthy, but peace was far from his dwelling: he for ever felt languor and discontent, and was continually weary and fatigued without labour; except when dissipation called him away to some new excess; nor was he happy in the wife he had chosen, who teased him with her pride and ill-temper, and perplexed him with her extravagances.

Esomdi, however, was not sensible of his unhappiness, till one day, when he went abroad to taste the pure air in the delightful vallies of Doulat. Twenty palanquins preceded that of the fair Lestina, which had a beautiful covering of silk of a silver colour. The palanquin of Esomdi followed, on which he lay, tormented with domestic jars and infelicity.

It was here that he met the wife of Esamdi in her palanquin, instructing her beautiful boy, who was seated next her, in the precepts of the Vedam; filial affection sparkled in his eyes; and her lovely countenance betrayed no inquietude. Esamdi was in his palanquin at her side; and their discourse was of friendship and love.

"Alas!" cried Esomdi, "a few months past this man was but a poor camel-driver, and even now his riches exceed not the twentieth part of mine, yet he is happier than I."

Esamdi was by this time able to discharge his debt to his friend Burco Tula, together with his father's. Thus the merchant enriched himself by his humanity, and made a fellow-creature happy.

The rich merchant was, however, possessed of one blessing, which alleviated the discontent of his heart: it was his lovely Turab, who grew more beautiful every day, and displayed a mind putting forth all the perfections of human nature: she was gentle, tender, sensible, and engaging. Esomdi became enraptured with his child, and thought of nothing else but of what he conceived to be her happiness.

For a while the sun of prosperity shone full upon the house of Esomdi; but its rays were now intercepted by a black and tremendous cloud. The infant Turab was missed from her cradle one morning, and all search was in vain: the distracted Esomdi caused enquiries to be made throughout Balsora; and a large reward was offered to any who could give information of the child; even the Caliph published an edict to that effect. But fruitless are human endeavours when Providence forbids their success.

This misfortune of Esomdi's was but the prelude to others. A rapid fire destroyed the warehouses wherein his merchandize was stored; and a fatal distemper carried off his vast herds and flocks. The proud Lestina, with the grief of having lost her child, and incapable of bearing a change of fortune, died with disappointment and vexation, and left the unhappy Esomdi alone to withstand the storm of adversity: but he was ill able for the task; he began already to find that his wisdom and fortitude availed him little; he sought a shelter from the tempest, but knew not where to fly from it. Abased by poverty, and depressed by his misfortune, the wretched Esomdi applied for assistance to the gay partners of his festive moments, but in vain: every attempt failed, till he saw himself reduced to the same situation which was once the lot of the humble Esamdi; one camel was all that remained to him, and three jars of oil. With this small stock of merchandize, the once-rich Esomdi

set out to cross the plains of Arabia; and Providence so ordered it that he fell in with the rich caravan of Esamdi at the self-same spot where he had passed by him in the hour of exultation and pride. Shame prevented the distressed Esomdi from approaching near; but Esamdi knew the companion of his youth afar off, and called to him; bid him welcome with a face of satisfaction; and made him join his caravan. The unhappy Esomdi now felt his former fault with all the keenness of anguish; and asked his friend, how he could so cordially receive the man who had at one time cruelly left him to cross the desert alone. "Alas!" replied Esamdi, "how mistaken is the pride of man! Know, Esamdi, that it was thou that was left alone to cross the desert; for the great Alla was not with the caravan of the rich merchant of Balsora. Mark the ways of Providence: If thou hadst not slighted the companion of thy youth, the little all he had would have been lost with thine."—"Unhappy that I am," replied Esomdi; "but I am punished for my pride and ingratitude."—"Thou must not call that punishment," cried Esamdi, "which is meant as mercy. Thou hast estranged thyself from the only truly powerful, rich, and faithful friend of man, his Creator. Alas! it is much better to have only one camel and three jars of oil, with the love of Alla, than the riches of the East without it."—"I perceive that I have been wrong," cried Esomdi, "and find that I have received numerous blessings at the hand of Providence, without returning thanks for even one of them."—"Let us then," answered the good Esamdi, "do it now. We will alight: Yonder is a mosque: Esomdi must thank the gracious providence of Alla, that he has left him only one camel and three jars of oil; for his adversity has enriched his mind with wisdom."

After the merchants had paid their adorations to the Author of all Good, they proceeded to Bagdad; and having found a market for their merchandize, returned to Balsora. "Farewell!" cried Esamdi to his friend; "return home; good luck awaits you; for you no longer are left alone; God is with you."

When the merchant Esomdi arrived at his house, he found a lack of pagodas which a stranger had just left, and which, it may easily be conceived, were sent him by the generous Esamdi, and a beautiful female walking in the garden, accompanied by another of whose face he thought he had some recollection. He was however, seeing them strangers, unwilling to accost them, lest they should quit the gardens; and therefore enquired among the servants if they knew who they were, but none of them could give any account whatever. His curiosity, however, was such, that he could not refrain from going into the walk; when the elder of the two approached, and presented to him his lovely daughter Turab, grown to the full perfection of a woman, and adorned with every grace. "See," cried the stranger, "the goodness of Alla! Behold your daughter: You may, perhaps, remember, when she was quite

an infant, that her nurse Shira was dismissed from her delightful employ by the lady Lestina, without any real cause of complaint. I am that Shira. My father is one of the Sages who resides on the borders of the Ganges; and from his knowledge of futurity, he assured me, that unless the infant Turab was taken from her parents, she would become depraved and wicked, and be subject to shame and misery at an early part of her life. My love of the infant, and the visible neglect of its education induced me to steal it away, and convey it to my father's habitation. I dreaded the consequence of its being brought up without piety, and foresaw the probability of the events taking place which my father had foretold, unless prevented in time. It was in that peaceful shelter that I made her acquainted with the delightful precepts of our religion; and I now present her to you with a sweet disposition, and an innocent uncorrupted heart. May it be a full recompence for what you have suffered by her absence." The lovely Turab knelt at her father's feet, and he embraced her with an ecstasy of joy; nor did he ever cease to thank the good Shira for her care and prudence.

The wonderful story of the beautiful Turab's being found was soon spread over Balsora: hundreds came to see the lovely daughter of Esomdi; and among the rest was the son of Esomdi, who was so much struck with the charms of her person, and the excellence of her mind, that he asked her of her father, whose consent was easily obtained. Thus Esomdi's riches were renewed in his daughter Turab; and he felt that full share of contentment which a dependence on the Almighty never fails to produce. Esomdi became the constant friend and companion of Esomdi; and the happy Jeruff led the lovely Turab to the altar, where two hearts became united which were prepared for happiness by a virtuous education, and guarded from the pains of adversity by a lively trust and dependence upon the providence of the Deity they adored.

ALBERTUS, OR THE INGRATE.

(Continued from our last.)

HE had not proceeded the distance of half a mile, when the bright orb which had conducted him, suddenly became obscured—the wind arose—the loud shriek of the screech-owl appalled him—and he stood transfixed with fear!—A darkness almost unprecedented overspread the horizon—in vain he endeavoured to discern the conducting village spire—the surrounding objects were veiled in obscurity, and he groped along not knowing what path he pursued. Reflection, in such a situation, must have proved madness; yet in vain did he try to dissipate his fears, by endeavouring to form a ludicrous story from his night's adventure with which he intended to entertain his friends. Scarcely had this idea struck him, when the solemn death-knell smote his ear. "Great God!" he cried, "this is too much—too much for human fortitude to bear!" That sound—that chilling sound, reminds me of my departed uncle; and though nine years have elapsed since I heard its warning voice, yet it recalls to my imagination a scene which in vain I have endeavoured to forget."

The bell which had excited such a train of gloomy reflections however acted as a conductor to the benighted man, and he soon reached

the place of his nativity, but, alas! in what a dejected, what a horror-struck frame of mind! The father of Albertus had by industry and application during his son's absence greatly increased his store of wealth, and had repurchased the estate of his departed brother, and removed into the house. Of this circumstance, Albertus was wholly ignorant. He therefore directed his steps to his father's former abode, when he was made acquainted with his removal by a servant; who, perceiving he was a total stranger, civilly offered to conduct him to the house. The clouds soon began to pour down torrents of water, and the night was so completely dark, that though his conductor carried a small lantern before him, he did not pay attention to the path until the well-remembered gate of the avenue struck him, and he loudly called to the man, desiring him not to go that road. "Why, this is the right road to the squire's house, sir;" said the astonished servant;—"he lives now in that which his poor brother used to do; although his son sold it, and is spending the money in foreign parts."

To this piece of intelligence Albertus did not make any answer, for he dreaded lest his companion should make further remarks, and that silent monitor within spoke sufficiently loud to his feelings; to subdue all the boasted courage he had acquired. Lights were soon perceived in every part of the mansion, for the avant-coureur had arrived about an hour, and the anxious father was busily occupied in making preparations for his long absent son. As neither the rattling of carriage-wheels, or the clattering feet of horses, announcing the traveller's approach, he rapped twice at the door before it was opened;—but the delighted father instantly recognized his voice, and rushing into his arms, had only power to articulate, "Oh, my son! my dear, dear son!" when, overwhelmed by the powerful emotions of nature, he dropped down in a fainting fit.

The confusion which this alarming incident excited, prevented the attendants from observing the agitated state of Albertus's nerves; who, upon entering the house where his infancy had been fostered, felt his spirits depressed by a thousand intruding ideas; and severely did he condemn his own folly in revisiting a spot which called such sensations forth. A few minutes, however, restored the worthy Albert to recollection. Fondly did he gaze upon the improved person of his son; who, to the former beauty of youth, added the gracefulness of manhood; and it must be allowed that a more perfect form was never beheld. In vain did Albertus endeavour to disguise his internal feelings, parental solicitude easily discovered his struggles to appear calm; when, with well-feigned hypocrisy, he artfully attributed his agitation to the terror which had been excited by seeing his father fall. Supper was soon prepared—the choicest liquors opened. In compliance with his father's intreaties, Albertus forced his appetite; though every mouthful he attempted to swallow seemed almost ready to choke him, and actually demanded the aid of a glass of wine.

The breaking down of the carriage, and the inclemency of the weather, afforded a pretext for that shivering which ran through his frame, yet as the bottle circulated his mind became more composed, and he began relating his adventures to his father, with that humorous kind of pleasantry for which his conversation was so much admired. Repeatedly did Albert make a motion for retiring, feeling himself over-

powered with the effect of wine, and expressing an idea that after so long a journey, his son must require the aid of sleep. The clock had struck two, however, before the father and son separated; the former proposed conducting the latter to his room, and preceding him, opened the door of the apartment in which the worthy Fernando had breathed his last.

(To be continued.)

AN AFFECTING STORY.

THE Count de Pelzer, an officer in the Prussian service, was the only son of an aged widow. He was finely made, brave to an excess, and desperately in love with Mademoiselle de Benskou. She was in her eighteenth year; gentle, beautiful, and endowed with extreme sensibility. Her lover, at the triumphant age of twenty-one, was as much loved as his mistress was admired, and the day was fixed to crown their happiness by their nuptials. It was the 20th of June, 1770. The Prussian troops are always ready to enter upon a campaign; and, on the 17th of June, at 10 at night, the regiment of the count received orders to set out at midnight for Silesia. He was at Berlin, and his mistress at a castle within four leagues of that city. He therefore was obliged to depart without seeing her, and wrote to her a letter, from the first place where he stopped, in which he declared it was impossible for him to live without her, and requesting that she would follow him without delay, that their marriage might be celebrated in Silesia. The officer wrote also to the brother of the young lady, who was his most intimate friend, to intercede with her parents in his behalf.

The young lady set out, accompanied by this brother and the mother of her lover. Never did time seem so slow as to this charming girl; but the journey was at length over, and they arrived at the city of Herstadt. It was morning; and "Never," said her brother, "did my eyes behold a finer woman than my sister; the exercise of the journey had given a brighter bloom to her complexion, and her eyes were mirrors which reflected what was passing in the heart."

But oh! how deceitful are the hopes of mortals! How often does the moment of felicity touch the moment of misfortune!..... The carriage is stopped in the street, to let some soldiers pass, who were advancing with slow steps, carrying in their arms a wounded officer. The tender heart of the young lady was affected at the sight. Little did she suspect that it was her lover. Some Austrian foragers had advanced close to the city, and the young count went out to repulse them. Burning with desire to distinguish himself, he darted forward before his troops and fell a victim to his unfortunate impetuosity.

To paint the situation of this unhappy girl, would be to insult the heart and imagination of every reader of sensibility..... Her lover is placed on his bed; his mother at his feet: his mistress holding his hand.

....."Oh, Charlotte!" he exclaimed, opening his dying eyes. He made an effort to speak more, but his voice failed him, and he burst into tears. His accents had pierced his mistress to the soul: she lost her reason..... "No!.....I will not survive you!" said she, snatching his sword. It is taken from her, and the dying officer makes a sign with his hand for her to approach him. He pressed

her close in his arms, and, after two painful efforts to speak, he said, with a convulsive sigh—"Live, my Charlotte, to comfort my mother!" and instantly expired.

In the troops that made this sortie so fatal to the young lover, there were only two men wounded, and he was the only person killed. When I passed through Berlin, in 1799, the young lady had not been restored to her reason.

Variety.

AMONG the admirable axioms of Sir Thomas Overbury, there is one which places the knight's opinion of family honours in a very conspicuous point of view. He says that the man who has not any thing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potatoe, the only good belonging to him is under ground.

WHEN *Butler*, duke of Ormond, went over as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the vessel was driven by stress of weather into the Isle of Man, where his Grace was hospitably entertained by the curate of the place, named *Joseph*. The pleasantness of his landlord induced the Duke to inquire into his circumstances, and, finding that they were but scanty, he promised to provide for him as soon as he should be settled in the viceroyship. *Joseph* waited many months in hopes of hearing from his patron; but being disappointed, he resolved to go over to Dublin to remind him of his promise. Despairing of gaining access to the Duke, he waited upon Dean Swift, and asked his permission to preach at the cathedral the next Sunday. The Dean, delighted with his conversation, gave his consent. The Lord Lieutenant, with his court, were all at church, and sat opposite to the pulpit; none of them had any recollection of *Joseph*, till, after naming his text, which was in Genesis, xl. 23. "Yet did not the chief *Butler* remember *Joseph*, but forgot him," he made so pointed an allusion to the Duke, and his entertainment in the Isle of Man, that his features were recognised; and, when the sermon was done, he was invited to the castle, and a good living was provided for him.

RESOLUTION.

Words are vain, when resolution takes the place of persuasion.

IRRESOLUTION.

It is a hell of grief, when the mind, still in doubt, for want of resolution, can make no resistance.

EPITAPH ON G. F. COOKE, ESQ.

Stop! reader, stop! and give one farewell look,
Where lies the body of *George Frederick Cooke*;
A celebrated tragic player of his age,
As trod the boards of any stage.
Oh! drop one tear upon his grave, now dead,
Who living caused so many to be shed.

We publish the following as an ingenious answer to the Enigma in our 28th number:

Its
Three-sevenths may be found,
In the Book of the Lord,
Genesis Thirtieth,
Sixth verse and last word.

And
Four-sevenths is the debt
Which so justly is due
From the *Quick to Dead*,
By Greek, Christian or Jew.

Rome, Nov. 24, 1812.

J. H.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1812.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

On Sunday arrived at this port the cartel ship *Pacific*, in 50 days from Liverpool, bringing papers from London to the 6th October. Among other articles of intelligence, we are furnished with the 18th bulletin of the French Grand Army, giving a detailed account of a battle on the 7th September, at Moskwa, within 25 leagues of Moscow, with the Russians; which, for the numbers engaged (probably 300,000 men, with near 1500 pieces of artillery) and the dreadful slaughter that ensued, surpasses every thing we have heard of in modern warfare. It is stated in this bulletin, that nearly 60,000 men perished or were lost, of whom the French admit 10,000 to be their portion; that there were counted on the field of battle the bodies of from 12 to 13,000 Russians, and from 8 to 9,000 horses! that they lost 5 generals killed, and 7 or 8 wounded; that the Russians had forty generals either killed, wounded or taken, and they (the French) had fired 60,000 cannon shot on that day, which, the next day had already been replaced; and that Napoleon had ordered *te deum* to be sung throughout the empire. We have neither the room nor the spirit to comment on this dreadful picture. When we reflect that in the short space of seven hours, there perished in one battle a number of human beings equal to two-thirds of the whole population of our city, we bow in submission to that Providence who, in his sovereign justice, has permitted these things to be; who has in store a just and awful retribution for the scourger of his creatures, and the blasphemers of his name.

The news of the capture of the *Alert*, the destruction of the *Guerriere*, and the surrender of Gen. Hull had reached England.

Parliament had been dissolved, and writs issued for a new election.

It appears by the last accounts, that our northern army, under Gen. Dearborn, has actually gone into winter-quarters.

A Burlington paper of Nov. 26, says, "Gen. Bloomfield's brigade is to be stationed at Plattsburgh, N. Y. and Gen. Chandler's brigade in this town. Part of General C.'s brigade, and part of the Vermont militia, arrived last evening. The circumstances which have occasioned this unexpected return of the army, we have not at present been able to learn."

"Gen. Elias Fasset, of St. Albans, has ordered out of his brigade, 500 men. They were to embody at Swanton yesterday."

The north-western army, under Gen. Smyth, by accounts, must very likely by this time have crossed the Niagara into Canada.

Com. Chauncey has met with much success, and become master of lake Ontario.

The drafted men and volunteers stationed at the narrows, have been discharged and returned to their homes, to be relieved by Col. Hawkins' regiment of volunteer artillery, raised in the middle district for the defence of our city and harbour.

Col. William Russell, of the 7th U. S. Regiment, has defeated a party of Indians, at the Peoria towns—killed 25, and destroyed their towns.

A bill has been introduced in Congress for the augmentation of our navy, by the building of several line of battle ships, frigates and sloops of war. The blanks were not filled, but it was supposed there would be four of the first, and ten of each of the last. The line of battle ships are to be rated *seventy-sixes*, in allusion to the year in which independence was declared. The Boston, General Greene and Chesapeake, are to be fitted up for service.

The 3d section of the new army bill, authorising the enlistment of minors and apprentices, under 18 years of age, has been negatived in the senate, 26 to 4.

Orders are issued from the Adjutant-General's office, at Washington, forbidding any correspondence by the officers or men, on the affairs of the army, excepting with their superior officers.

On Wednesday last the election throughout the Union, for the President and Vice-President of the United States terminated; the result cannot, of course,

be officially known; but little doubt prevails that Mr. Madison has been re-elected.

The bill annulling the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, and Elizabeth Bonaparte, of Baltimore, has passed the Senate of Maryland.

The following resolution was presented, at the common council on Monday evening last by Alderman Lawrence, and unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That an elegant sword be presented to Capt. JONES, late of the United States sloop of war *Wasp*, and also the Freedom of this City, as a testimony of the high opinion this corporation entertain of his gallant conduct in capturing the sloop of war *Frolic*—and that the thanks of the common council be presented to his brave officers and crew.

To Correspondents.

Amanthis, will appear next week; as will other communications in due time.

Nuptial.

"Soft is the union that our friendship binds,
Silken the chains that tie our captive minds;
Subdued to love, one common fate we share,
Each feels its sorrows, and each feels its care."

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Broadhead, Mr. Black to Miss Jane Cosine, daughter of Mr. Garret Cosine of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Kohlmann, Mr. Charles M'Cormick, to Miss Sarah M'Connell, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. M'Clair, James Duncan, esq. to Miss Phebe Carrman, both of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. Robert Hyslop, to Miss Georgiana Knox, both of this city.

At Woodbridge, (N. J.) by the rev. Mr. Roe, Mr. Stuart F. Randolph, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Brown, of the former place.

Obituary.

"Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man
Where dwells the multitude. We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplor'd,
Lamenting or lamented, all our lot!"

DIED.

In this city, Mrs. Sarah Hazard, aged 92 years.

Mrs. Mary Campbell, relict of Alexander Campbell, aged 82 years.

Mrs. Mary Moore, in the 84th year of her age, relict of Mr. Austin Moore.

Mr. John Cassedy, merchant, aged 60 years.

Mr. Thomas Muller, aged about 50.

Mr. John D. Goodrich, of a lingering illness.

On his passage from Bermuda, on board the brig *Diamond*, Mr. John Holcombe, of New-York, a midshipman in the navy of the U. S. He was on board the *Wasp*, during her action with the *Frolic*, and behaved in a manner honourable to himself and country.

At Poughkeepsie, Isaac Mitchell, Esq. editor of the *Northern Politician*.

At Philadelphia, in the 66th year of his age, John Dunlap, Esq. late senior editor of the *American Daily Advertiser*, and captain of the first troop of city cavalry.

At Norfolk, on the 20th ult. Theodorick Armistead, Esq. navy agent at that port, in the 38th year of his age—a worthy, an estimable character—an ornament to human nature—a son of genius—an honour to his country.

At New-Orleans, on the 16th of October last, capt. Francis Lomax, of the ship *Ceres*, belonging to this port.

On Saturday, the 21st inst. at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, at the Buck's county alms-house, Catharine Leonard, aged 102 years; and what is singular, since she arrived at her 100th year she has spun between 2 and 300 dozen flax yarn. She evinced a peculiar partiality for her wheel until the last hour of her life, which was closed by a request that it, together with its spools, might receive the special care of those she left behind.

Report of Deaths in this city for the week ending the 28th ult.—42.

Seat of the Muses.

How have I caught, with exquisite delight,
The varied sounds that struck my ravish'd ears;
And o'er the landscape, fainting on the sight,
Cast a wide glance, and melted into tears."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

Lines on a Thunder Storm at Rome, (N. Y.) on the
night of June 7th, 1812.

SEE, yonder sinks the king of day,
And twilight reigns supreme. And now
Black rising clouds, thick'ning ether,
Roll up the western sky apace,
Veiling in deep and blackest shade
The feeble rays of glimm'ring light.—
Man, the great Creator's noblest work,
Sinks in the arms of Morpheus,
Forgetful of the frail tenure
By which he holds his mortal life;
Nor dreams he of the direful storm
Which gathers o'er his slumb'ring head.
Already has boist'rous Eurus,
From the eastern bound of heaven,
Urg'd his wing'd car with utmost speed;
Nor stop'd has he, but onward drives
The wild fleeting clouds, to meet
Zephyrus his antagonist;
Who slowly moves with murm'ring sound,
Bringing embodied, his grand host,
To brave the mighty combat.
And could no other sky than thine,
O Rome, been chosen for this great,
This mighty conflict? Atmosphere!
Why didst thou not maintain thy right,
Cause thyself to be respected,
And teach those daring invaders
That in thy realm thou wast supreme?
But hush, my muse, be still, and know
That an Almighty power supreme,
Had will'd it thus; and who shall dare
Dictate allwise Omnipotence.
Lo! now the raging parties meet,
Opposing wind to wind, whirling
Torrents, in their destructive van,
Downward to this devoted spot.
Loud peals of thunder through heaven's
High vaulted dome, burst resounding,
Shaking her footstool to its midst;
Sharp, dreadful lightnings stream along,
Strike the dark sky with fearful light,
Making the horrid scene complete,
And sinking proud man into his
Own state of insignificance.

At length brave Chanticleer proclaims
The approach of day, and thunder,
Lightning, clouds, fly swift away.

J. H.

E L L E N A.

THE evening was mild, and the sun, just retir'd,
Had crimson'd the clouds in the west;
The lone songstress of night, by sad sorrow inspir'd,
Was soothing her bosom to rest;

The villagers all to their cots were return'd,
To rest from their toil for the night;
The owl from the ivy incessantly mourn'd;
And rooks to their nest wing'd their flight:

When Ellena sought out a lonely retreat,
And so sadly gave vent to her wo,
The streamlet that ran through the grass at her feet,
Had nearly forgotten to flow.

Her face it was fair as the flow'rets of May,
Her bosom was white as the snow,
As falling, it glitters in Phæbus' faint ray,
When he scarce a warm beam can bestow:

Her hair, jetty black, like the raven's gloss'd wing,
In ringlets hung loose o'er her neck;
Her bosom had felt of deep anguish the sting,
And her form she neglected to deck.

"Ah me!" cried the mourner, "what sorrows are
mine,
This heart is the mansion of care,
Around it does misery closely entwine,
And beckon the spectre despair.

"The soul of my William was noble and brave,
In fight he was dauntless and fierce;
But the foe that was vanquish'd he kindly would save,
Nor basely his bosom would pierce.

"O curs'd be the war that bereft him of breath:
In the battle my soldier was slain,
A ball's vengeful fury resign'd him to death,
And the gore his bright corslet did stain.

"Now nightly I wander my soldier to mourn,
When Philomel warbles her strain;
No more to my bosom will pleasure return,
But hopeless I still must complain.

"But whose is yon form that glides over the heath?
Ah surely my William appears!
Dost thou come, my lost lover, to bid me seek death,
And drown in oblivion my cares?

"I fly to thy arms!" then a dagger she drew,
And plung'd it, life-deep in her breast:
From regions of sorrow her pure spirit flew,
Among heavenly seraphs to rest.

And now, at deep midnight, the cottagers see
Her form by the stream glide along,
And oft as they gaze by the side of yon tree,
She fades the dark rushes among.

And often a swell of sweet harmony floats,
Along by the banks of the tide;
In strains most seraphic the heav'nly notes
Sink away at the spot where she died.

Morality.

THE
GOVERNMENT OF THE IMAGINATION.
—
AN ALLEGORY.

True to the Seed the proper Flow'ret blows;
Plant not the Poppy, and expect the Rose.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, more essentially necessary to promote a regular course of virtue, though few things are less attended to, than a due economy of the Imagination. The mariner, who would reach the destined port, must pay strict attention to the helm; which once abandoned to the mercy of the waves, he must necessarily expect to be driven along by the impulse of the stream, dashed on the rocks, or foundered on the sands.

As beings depending on the practice of virtue for happiness, it is our duty to regulate our thoughts with the utmost circumspection; suppressing all that may appear in the smallest degree inimical to purity, and confining the excursive speculations of fancy within the bounds of moderation. While we preserve this necessary guard, our actions will rarely prove grossly evil; for he who is timorous of thinking weakly, will seldom have the temerity to act viciously.

It is a forcible argument in favour of this temperament of the mind that it proves an excellent preventive against many evils and disappointments in life, the origin of which is more properly ascribable to an irregular imagination than to any other cause whatever. The folly of indulging what is termed Castle-Building, has been incessantly exposed: it is the hereditary disease of Hope, our inseparable and flattering companion; and, having once taken root in our mental soil, is scarcely ever entirely eradicated. The only success, therefore that probability can ensure to those who

make it's reprobation their employ, is the practicability of regulating it's progress: and, perhaps, Reason will not admit of more; as, in a certain degree, when directed towards objects and ends that have innocence for their sanction, it may not be totally reprehensible; for the mind being a volatile spirit, incessantly employed, and the frailty of nature not allowing it to be always engaged in the contemplation of piety, or the researches of wisdom; during the seasons of it's inappetency towards seriousness, this entertainment will be found the best substitute, as possessing a capability of lifting it above grovelling views, and frequently inspiring it with laudable desires.

In the Golden Age, *Imagination*, the offspring of the gods, chose her dwelling among men. She had been educated by *Wisdom*; her companions were *Purity* and *Truth*; and her engaging manner so charmed all the world, that, next to the worship of the Supreme Power, she was the chief object of adoration, and ruled implicitly over the earth. She possessed the faculty of transporting her followers wherever she pleased, and exalting them to any situation: she attended them through the spring-bedecked meads of primitive friendship, and conducted them to the amaranthine bowers of celestial love; but, in all her excursions, her two companions were continually at her side. She frequently elevated men to the synod of Heaven; instructed them in new mediums of adoration towards their original source, and continually urged them to the practice of what she taught. In short, her whole time and power were employed in making men good and happy; and directing them to the most consummate enjoyment of the exuberant bounties of an indulgent and watchful Providence.

To be continued.

Anecdote.

"Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

THE temple corps of London, composed entirely of lawyers, was distinguished at a late review by its plainly elegant dress and steady order. The inspecting officer, just before the review, stopped to salute its commander, and said, "Is this the *Law Association*, sir?" "Yes, my lord." To which the officer rejoined, "I do not find one that speaks a word; I never knew lawyers so silent." "We have no *hay*, my lord," replied Colonel Erskine.

A GENTLEMAN being on a morning visit to a lady, the conversation turned on fashion and female dress. The long waists and the short waists—the high heads and the low heads—the high heels and the low heels, each had their turn. At length said the lady, "So, sir, extremes of fashion do not meet with your approbation, but pray what do you think of *short petticoats*?" "That fashion," said he "the ladies may carry as *high* as they please."

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